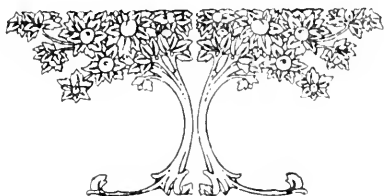


Political Musings



By
CHARLES LITTELL WILSON
STAUNTON, VA.

DECEMBER, 1916

Dedicated to all lovers of True Democracy
and Approving Americans

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CHARLES LITTELL WILSON

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Explanation

For those readers not up on political subjects, a simple explanation may be necessary.

POLITICAL MUSINGS are thoughts about political parties, candidates for office, the animals representing the different political parties, and also personifying the candidates for office.

The Elephant, representing either the Republican party or Chas. E. Hughes, Presidential candidate. The Donkey, Ass or Mule—the Democratic party or Woodrow Wilson, Presidential candidate.

The Bull Moose, the Progressive party, or Teddy Roosevelt.

Perkins and Flinn, two National Progressive Republican party committeemen, who tried to force the Mooseites into the Old Line Republican party ranks.

G. O. P.—Grand Old Party, Republican.

The Republican party is not as old as the Democratic party.

G. O. D. P.—Grand Old Democratic Party, and the G. O. D. P. P., Grand Old Democratic Peace Party.

Teddy Roosevelt, Vice-President on Ticket with Wm. McKinley, President 1896, and re-elected 1900, was assassinated. Roosevelt filled unexpired term, and was re-elected President in 1904.

Wm. H. Taft, elected President 1909.

Woodrow Wilson, elected President 1912. Re-elected Nov 7, 1916.

Inducements to Read

Says one: "I can read *POLITICAL MUSINGS* over and over and don't seem to tire." Perhaps it leaves the impressions of a letter from one whom you love.

They often set a fellow almost on fire,
Everyone having any experience knows
How often they read over those little billet-doux.

See if you can not read it
Over and over and over,
Whether you lie, stand or sit,
Read it from cover to cover,
From front to back over,
And back to front over again;
We don't think you will tire one bit.
Now try it; we're speaking to you,
Just read it and tell us if it's not true.

It shows the spirit of political parties,
And reveals our preference; there's where a little art is;
We think wit and humor are happily blended,
And it is seasoned with a little common sense.
No delicate taste can become offended,
Some have said they read it with pleasure intense.

“Political Musings”

Dedicated to all lovers of True Democracy, and
Approving Americans

We read, “False prophets will arise in these latter days.” So that saying does not fitly apply to the author of **POLITICAL MUSINGS**. His sanguine hopes and desires were truly prophetic —having thought and written with the sincere faith and belief that the results of the race for Presidency would end as it actually did.

In the early days of our American Independence the spirit of political partyism was born. Two or more parties having been organized, each vying with the other as to which should hold power and administer in Governmental affairs. The evolution of the various parties ended in the birth of the two largest existing parties, viz. Democratic and Republican. Various other parties are rapidly growing in strength. The pictures of three animals are being used by cartoonists to represent three of the political parties, namely, the Elephant, the Donkey, or Mule, and the Bull Moose. The latter is sick and unable to run. The noble desire and legitimate purpose to steer the Grand Old Ship of State for the greatest good to the greatest number of her noble people were consumed by the inordinate desire for greed, the love of money, “The root of all evil,” the getting of wealth, even though acquired by the kidnapping and selling of human beings and their enslavement in this, supposed to be the most civilized of countries. All this was the result of the Satanic African Slave Traffic, whose wicked practices gave birth to the Abolition political party of which was born the Republican party, with the characteristics of avarice and intense desire to rule; regardless of the peace, happiness and welfare of the American people at large. Some accuse the Administration of showing partiality to England—thus denominating it “Diluted Americanism.” Others claim his views and ruling to be “Undiluted in the extreme. Let us prove which by our vote. Let us not do a most dangerous thing; as said the immortal Lincoln: “It is not wise to swap horses in the middle of the stream.”

Political Musings

In poetical rhyme we'll give a few facts,
About three political parties as set forth by their acts,
The names of the Donkey, Elephant and Moose,
For Democrat, Republican and the Progressive we'll use,
And to render this article somewhat amusing,
The names of the leaders of the parties we're using,
Listen closely, I pray, as I mention their acts,
And I'm sure you'll agree they are nearly the facts.

The Elephant and the Mule,
Though taught in the self-same school,
One representing a wise, true American,
The other, though "Undiluted," is by no means a fool.

When E. gained office first we had a big war,
By pensions, mainly, he kept in power;
Avaricious still, he's longing for more.

By high tariff and trusts he made all of his mammon,
And with it he's made slaves of all colors,
If you'll but closely examine,
Big business became so intensely oppressive,
That Mule to oppose it was clearly aggressive,
And the Elephant having been for so long distrusted,
The Mule gave a kick, and not a few trusts were bursted.

Elephant most impolitic,
Feasts on war and loves panic;
Peace and prosperity make him sick.

If in your family a feud arise
And in a spat one's hurt and dies,
Should strife keep up till none survives?

Sympathize with Mexico;
Her people, oppressed, do not know
Whom to follow, nor where to go.

"Love your neighbor," is a command;
Help him quiet his native land,
Disrupted by such murd'rous band.

"Your enemies you must love," you know,
Shall they be punished with a blow?
A Christian Mule says, "Never, no!"

Mule is for country as a whole,
Precious blood shed for the few, the toll
Would be but deepest anguish of soul!

Great complaint by E. is made
That "Watchful waiting" has delayed
What should be settled by the "Blade."

Pan-American Union! Grand!
With Mule can keep from war our land,
If E. withhold his wicked hand.

Who's to blame, let the people ask,
For forty-six years was it not E.'s just task?
Grand issue! to force 'gainst
A wise administration!

Consummate rot! should and will be
Repudiated by the whole nation.

Mule, hasten through the states and tell
That E. would do with shot and shell,
What's being done by "Notes" as well.

See that Democratic Mule,
Only those ne'er went to school
Dare to take him for a fool.

He is peaceful, bold and strong,
None who've ever known him long,
Need fear he'll do them wrong.

To the farmer he's proved true,
Whom the Elephant kept so blue,
Him who feeds us all life through.

The home-born American
Loves him as few others can;
Each should prove himself a man.

His love and motives pure and grand,
Attract those from every land,
Who prove a most worthy, noble band.

Who so loves the Mule, to come,
Making this their only home,
Must rule their thoughts, not let them roam.

That Mule, though academic,
No news of war makes frantic,
That comes across the Atlantic.

Mule, seemingly unprepared;
Be calm! No cause to be so scared;
Nations have done all they dared.

The Mule is full progressive,
While Moose is much professive,
Of purpose high, is Mule possessive.

The Moose, by no means is dead,
He's only lost his rotten head;
He's very sick, alas! alas!
But can be cured by Dr. Ass.

True, his ability to war,
Was lost with his Antlers, T. R.,
But the part most important remains,
For the Moose has the finest of brains.

Though Perkins and Flinn,
Have committed a sin,
Moose in the future may rule,
If he'll wisely yield to the leading of Mule.

The "Undiluted" nominee of the G. O. P.,
Ignorant of the purposes and motives of D.
Sallies forth with envy, jealousy and rage,
Like a wild man just freed from a cage,
Faultfinding, which requires the smallest of brains,
He continues to argue on the lowest of planes.

And there is gentle, dear, little Teddy,
Who to the Moose proved most false and unsteady,
He took hold of things with his own "sweet will"
We'll just change his cognomen to "Buffalo Bill."

Without love for country, but love for the pelf
'Twould appear that all interests were centered in self,
So Mr. Hughes and his party, truly, alas!
Are as a tinkling cymbal or a sounding brass.

The Grand Old P. it actually does seem,
Is so anxious to change animals in the middle of the stream,
That like Pharoah and his host, it can but submit to be
O'erwhelmed by the votes of the Democratic D.

The Elephant and the Donkey
Are both active as a monkey,
But the E. has it down so very 'pat,
He's going around skinning the cat.

Just let him keep on his with his tricks,
Up to next November the sixth—(seventh),
Then his rough old hide,
Will have been split on the side,
By one of the D.'s awful kicks.

There was once a time, it is known full well,
When Teddy and Taft each on the other's bosom fell,
That period was too short to much enjoy such a spell,
Soon each was wishing the other in a political hell.

Now as each the other his sins has forgiven
Both are carrying the Elephant to their political heaven,
Taft is at the head and Teddy's at the tail,
Just hear that Donkey laugh when he sees that they fail.

So the G. O. P. was disrupted in the year 1912th,
When Teddy and Taft both were laid upon the shelf,
The greatest unforeseen good was the result to our nation,
For we're enjoying peace and prosperity in truly Democratic fashion.
And of all the great men placed in the White House chair,
For true wisdom, strong intellectual power, and intense love for
country, so rare,
To President Woodrow Wilson there is none to compare.

Of the "Undiluted" political hash,
Made of Elephant and Moose, wet with their tears for dash,
Whoever eats is made sick, as a rule,
And the only antitoxin is the blood of the Mule.

Just so of the Unprogressive Republican mash,
Of dictrines and rot, by Hughes, Taft and Teddy so rash,
If you believe it, you'll have a stroke of infantile paralysis,
So says Dr. Woodrow, in his "Latest Analysis,"
And the effects of that dread disease you will find,
It has injured the body as well as the mind,
The sure cure for such sickness, and this is no fake,
See Dr. Woodrow Wilson, and all ye of his medicine take.

The Grand Old Party, led by the once-Judge Hughes,
Who left the Supreme Court to disseminate their views,
Should it by the Mule be bereft of its skin,
The majority deeming it a blessing—the minority a sin.

Come, all ye sturdy Independentites,
All ye womanly of the suffragites,
All ye patriotic of the Socialites,
All ye good of the Hanlyites,
All ye wise of the Mooseites, and
Ye "Undiluted" of the Hughesites,
'Twill be good for your foresights,
To drop your foolishness and fun,
And review well what has been done
By those who've been led by the Peerless Wilson.

Approving American,
Be up and doing what you can,
And down the "Undiluted" man.
True lovers of peace and prosperity,
Will never grant that G. O. P. Elephant
Should Democratic Mule supplant.

All who'd paths of wisdom choose,
"Vote for Wilson" are their views,
"Though diluted," says Charles E. Hughes,
THEY ARE SURE AND BOUND TO VOTE FOR WILSON,
Isn't that grand and glorious news?

Progress and Success of the Woodrow Wilson Democratic Administration

To learn what has been done,
By the Senate, Congress and President as one,
Closely study the record of all their deeds,
Circumstances considered, the contry got most that it needs.

In the Department of State
His appointments proved great,
As to Secretary William Jennings Bryan,
Who, like a twenty-cylinder engine in a record aero-flight,
He sailed and he sailed, 'till he sailed out of sight.
If you choose, look at Stanton, Knox and Blaine,
And you'll find none superior to Bryan in brain.

Now, as to the man appointed in his stead,
To secure one with a great heart and head,
Wilson could not, after o'er all parties glancing,
Have found a superior to our Secretary Lansing.

Although Germany started out with such wicked intent,
American Democrats, upon ending that submarine business were bent;
It at first looked as if we must go to war,
But the crisis was passed without much of a jar.
Alleluias and thanks should ascend from every nation,
To God, who has blest us with such wise administration.

Great Britain has committed no slight offense,
And we are shocked at her low ideas of duty and sense;
She's rifled our mails and much business was checked,
Although settled in court, upon her it does no honor reflect.

Americans abroad at outbreak of war,
Relief for non-combatants, not the least, by far.
Protectorates to establish and treaties to draw;
All these are forgotten when Republicans pick flaw;
These and a thousand other things, to get credit for, they'll be late,
To place to the honor of the Department of State.

The Treasury Department under Mr. McAdoo,
Our national banking laws were organized anew.
The passage of Federal Reserve and Rural Credit acts,
Are all in national use and are established facts.

Revolutionary reforms in system of banking,
Treasury experts and policies other countries outranking,
Although foreign exchange was so disorganized,
And credit facilities destroyed and shipping demoralized,
The United States were commercially isolated, it was thus so
asserted.
And conditions looked most alarming, still panic was averted.

Abundant funds for crop moving, to the farmers were supplied,
The same to all sized cities and towns that applied;
And high class state, county and city bonds were not rejected,
A lowered level of interest rates on crop deposits accepted,
As well as interest on government deposits exacted.

The postal service instead of being Expressed,
For carrying funds to sub-treasuries was best,
In the life-saving service, coast guard and public health,
The Treasury Department for the Government saved millions of
wealth.
The law to prevent employment of child labor was good,
For the ship of the manufacturer can no longer float in young blood.
We should be thankful that the sower and reaper of grain,
With all other business men have been put on the same plane.

There was Wall Street, once a menace to our nation,
Any party adopting its policies will reap sure condemnation.
The oppression of the Money Trust, Morgan leading in big fashion,
Has been ended by the wisest legislations
Of one of the most superb administrations.

The money of depositors placed in our banks
Can never more be held by financial cranks
Who often forced upon us panics by their political pranks.

The lowest of all politically mean men
Can never corner the money market again.

And thus take the whole country's business by the throat,
And choke the stream upon which currency should float,
Men may come and women may go,
But the currency system flows on forever.

The Republicans would, if they could, pick flaw,
In the Federal Trade Commission law.

Throughout our country, even on our ranches,
The law permits our national banks to establish their branches.

Any country with its resources all buried in the land,
Is of no more value to the people than a barren waste of sand,
But machinery run by horsepower, gas, electricity and steam,
Soon any land will blossom as the rose,
And the blessing from its developed resources flows
In one gloriously abundant stream.

That stream will flow from coast to coast,
Both in boats o'er ocean, and in cars o'er land,
So any people may prodly boast
They have a beautifully developed land, instead of a valueless
waste of sand.

The great railroads and ocean lines,
They the people can and do most nobly serve,
But by excessive wealth and power they burden their patrons some-
times,
A spirit we not unfrequently observe,
So a law is in force to appoint a commission
To regulate these public servants against imposition.

Some school teacher says "The world runs on its axis,"
If she had an extensive income she'd change
Her view and say it was run on taxes.

The Republicans have promised tariff revision for forty years past,
It was revised in the beginning of each term, and thro' it it always
did last.

When forced upon the country, there was noticed one dreadful defect,
It was always upward, instead of downward,

How the Democrats did howl and object.
To all the laws there can be no addition
Equal to that appointing a Tariff Commission.

When our country is once cobwebbed with good roads,
We'll be able to haul just double the loads,
Thus prolonging the life-span of vehicle, beast and man.

Of all the tangles the Southern farmers ever got into, there were
no maizes
Equal to the cotton future crazes,
The cotton future act has now become a fact.

Observations and Comments

If the fifty-first congress spent dollars one billion,
When the population of our country was only seventy million,
Was it too much for the Sixty-fourth Congress to spend dollars
two billion,

When the population of our country was fully one hundred million?
It is clear to any politician having three grains of sense,
That the larger the population the greater the expense.
And most particularly, when three-fourths of the nation,
Are clamoring for naval and military protection.

The G. O. P. nominee, you can very readily see,
Has pitched himself headlong into the chasm
Of reactionary Republicanism.
If he had paused only a moment to think,
His good sense would have forced him to stop on the brink.
So Mr. Hughes and his party, very unlike that of the Mule,
For with them the Gold Bug must both ruin and rule.

If elected, Mr. Charles Evans Hughes,
Will have no say as to his own personal views,
For if the big old Elephant get only his head into the public crib,
Both houses will not only sever his trunk and twist his tail so glib,
But they'll ride him and goad him till they break every rib.
How highly regarded that big-eared, far-sighted, long-headed Dem-
ocratic Mule,
His almost every desire when he brays, or even a switch of the
tail, is carried out, as a rule.

How Mr. Chas. Evans Hughes can fall in with the Teuto-Cel-
tic views of many a thud who were only slingers of mud at that meet-
ing in Terrace Garden, for me 'tis a nut and at that a very hard one;
and furthermore, we're surprised that he didn't grow weary of his
friend of *Truth*, Jeremiah O'Leary.

All that was spoken was simply rot, 'twas quite evident, it was
clearly directed at our most honored President. Any man having the
face to enjoy and listen with such grace to men who can only defame
their neighbor of most honored name, must be lowered in morals,
if not seriously weakened in brain.

Mr. Hughes and Mr. "Big Stick" Teddy are both so very wise,
It seems that all they can do, mainly, is to criticise.
What they would have done if in Mr. Wilson's position,
Neither is willing to make an adequate admission.

The E. calls the last acts of Congress preventing a general railroad
strike, Mobocracy,
Then, if the law had not been passed—and the owners of the rail-
roads had ruled, could it not have been called Plutocracy?

The candidate Hughes in a speech gave expression,
That the "Adamson law was passed by coercion,"
There behind him sat on the very same stage,
The revered Joe Cannon, only 80 of age,
Who willingly voted for that law to prevail.
That was no place for Mr. Hughes, his superior's views to assail,
Had he, as many would, of younger age,
Just tipped, with his foot, Brother Hughes off the stage.
Mr. Cannon's admirers would have thought it some fun,
While the more serious thinkers would have said, "Well done."
Never again would the 100 per cent. candidate use the expression,
That "The Democrats and Republicans passed a law by coercion."
But he'd seriously begin reviewing old "Webster and Worcester,"
For wiser words himself and his party to booster.

The money power is the monkey,
Mr. Hughes is their cat,
They have chestnuts in the fire being roasted
To get them out the old cat's paws will be most severely toasted.

If you'll study the words of the Colonel,
They so often have reference to self,
As to what he did, and what he and Mr. Hughes would do
Could they but handle the government's pelf.
Methinks next would be war, dear Colonel,
Which would land us in the pit infernal,
For we remember full well Mr. Sherman, who said "War is hell."
Oh! if only such men had the heavenly grace,
Not only to shun, but to lead in the race away from that dreadful
place.

Catechetical Discussion of “Capital and Labor”

Will you not let me ask my studious neighbor,
“Do you find it difficult that question of “Capital and Labor?”

Of all the subjects we’ve discussed for our neighbor,
None is more difficult than that of “Capital and Labor.”
After no little thought and observation we found
That not only man, but all animate and inanimate creation came
 forth from the ground;
Also that our Omnipresent God, who is all-wise, and possesses
 all night.
For the preservation of His creatures, supplies them with abundant
 food, water, air and light,
All that God has made and given were intended for man’s use,
And nothing that He has made, can we with impunity abuse.

What is labor, can you tell me, my neighbor?
It is the exercising or giving out of one’s mental and physical
 strength, that is labor.

How long can one put forth such strength?
Until they shall languish and die, at length.

What is the result of the exercise of mental and physical strength
 called labor?
The earning of money, which is called capital, much of which comes
 from our neighbor.

Do not other sources abound through which money is found?
We dig silver and gold and all other metals out of the ground.

Is money secured from metals alone?
No, also out of the ground comes the most precious stone.

Do we not get money for things that we plant and for timbers that
 grow?
Yes, our principal income is from what people sow.

Can you mention something of God’s law with reference to Labor?

"God in His wisdom made a law that is good.

"That by the sweat of the brow only, can man get his food."

Neither silver nor gold, except by labor is found,

And all that we live on or possess comes out of the ground.

The worker possesses his labor as his capital and it's equal to gold;

The capitalist possesses his gold which is equal to labor, we're told;

Both wish returns for their outlay, enough to live on, and a little to spare.

Should either the capitalist or laborer not get it, they of all men are most ready to swear.

Are there not many other sources through which we money receive?
Yes, thousand upon thousands more than you can think or believe.

Can you mention one other from which the largest incomes are made?
Yes, by the employment of the brain there is made ten times as much as by him who uses the spade.

Can you tell me something about Capital and what it has done?
The many big business plants and other large corporations by Capital are run.

When is it that Capital and Labor get the most done?
Just when, and only when, they co-operate as one.

Can you tell why so often their efforts prove vain?
Mainly because of mistreatment of one by the other; that is most evidently plain.

Can you not illustrate and thus make it plain, that I may follow your discussion and not listen or read it in vain?

Labor and Capital may be likened to a fabric, which is either a building or a cloth;

To erect the one or weave the other, neither is complete except two things be used together;

A good building has a foundation with some superstructure neat,
And only when they are used together is there formed a house complete.

Just so with the fabric we call cloth; it is composed of warp and woof; the warp is of the threads that run lengthwise in the loom;

The woof is of the threads that cross the warp and are forced into place by the beam.

So, whether comes out the beautiful cloth, carpet or rug from the loom,

With it you may clothe your body or may cover the floor of your room.

Can you not mention how both may so work together, as to keep in the very best of mood, and do this grand old country the greatest amount of good?

Just suppose that Messrs. Labor and Capital are developing the resources of our nation,

Each is co-partner with the other, which in business is the closest relation.

If there be failure or success in their great undertaking,

There ought to be in some way a division of all the profits they are making.

What should they both do to maintain the highest regard and inspire the greatest confidence between the two?

Such a co-partnership as should exist between Messrs. Labor and Capital, upon one thing there should be a firm and fixed resolve, To serve his brother and fellow man, and that they their relation will never dissolve.

Will you tell again to your neighbor
Something more of Capital and Labor?

It has been clearly demonstrated ever since the creation of man, God's noblest creation,
That the superstructure Capital has been built on mental and physical labor as the only true and sure foundation.

What other figure to illustrate in your mind
Between Capital and Labor, do you most readily find?

Also Capital and Labor may be likened to a father and son,
As they are both of one family, should they not work together as one?
As Capital is the legitimate offspring of Labor, a filial affection should be shown by the son,

Nor should the parent, Labor, withhold affection and love from
his own.

Will you not for us illustrate again,
The spirit that should exist between all fellowmen?

If only our social fabric, found in almost every relation of life,
We the Golden Rule should observe, 'twould be the end of bick-
ering and strife,

For then in all business relations existing between Capital and Labor,
Each would respect and love, as he'd wish to be respected and loved
by his neighbor.

Could a wiser than the Adamson law have been passed
Which was put through by Congress as their last?

My dear Republican friend, before you cry "Mobocracy," just
think what was intended for the purest and truest Democracy.
For our President had a program which he started to carry out
full well,

The first was the Adamson law, voted for by the people, for the
whole people, and carried with it blessings mortal tongue cannot
tell.

Can we not truthfully express
That the Capitalist does never confess
That he his neighbors oppress?

If Congress the "Adamson Law" had not passed,
The people of the whole country would have been placed in direst
distress,

For in every city, town and hamlet there would have been starvation,
sickness and death;

Just to imagine the suspense and the suffering intense one almost
involuntarily catches his breath.

What relation would afford the happiest condition
Throughout the whole world, most especially our nation?

Oh! if only in all the relations of life we the Golden Rule should
observe,

Capital would most willingly serve Labor, and Labor, Capital most
willingly serve,
My dear neighbor, if only for one moment, we pray, that you stop
and behold,
A fabric that is more perfect and more beautiful than gold!
A building, we imagine, so nearly like to that not made with hands,
above,
One that is builded wholly of consecrated labor, capital and love.
Once again, my neighbor dear, I pray that you only stop and hear
and know what
Streams of blessings would flow to our nation, by the
development of God-given resources through that most happy
and glorious relation,
We as a people would a blessing and example to the whole world
prove.
And our land would be an Eden almost like to that above.

PART II

THE RACE FOR PRESIDENCY

Written Before Nov. 1---Election Nov. 7, '16.

A pre-descriptive humorous account of race for Presidency, by the candidates Woodrow Wilson and Chas. E. Hughes, conducted by the chairmen of the National Republican and Democratic Committees, viz: Chas. Wilcox and Vance McCormick.

Look! see the race which must end very quick,
Conducted by Chas. Wilcox and Vance McCormick;
Wilcox is riding the G. O. P.'s Elephant "Jumbo,"
And McCormick the Democrat's swift Donkey "Reube," you
know.

How stupid we are! we almost forgot,
Each of these animals is drawing a chariot,
One is occupied by the President Woodrow Wilson;
The other by the "Undiluted, 100 per cent. candidate," Chas. E.
Hughes,
Both dyked out in best duds, with beaver hats on,
Also wearing handsome necktie, striped silk socks and patent
leather shoes,
No two dudes ever appeared more sry.

If you closely observe, having kept up with the news,
"Jumbo" had the start of "Reube," on first passing the grandstand
of reviews,
However, having run round the whole track scope,
Swift "Reube" is seen first to pass under the rope,
His tongue out panting and gasping for oxygen dope;
So Mr. Hughes and Conductor Wilcox
Are not only beat out of their hats and shoes,
But also out of their socks.

Old "Jumbo," with trunk, after one shrill whistle and squeal,
Is seen taking hold of Wilson's chariot wheel,
But his inner-tube being so tightly inflated with breath,
He has a blowout on each side, which causes his most sudden
death.

Such a deafening report, as loud as any blast,
The thundering echo has not yet passed;
It blew the roof off the mammoth grandstand,
The people in terror shout with upraised hands!

Now the "30 per cent., undilutel, Ex-Supreme Court Judge
and Governor" so rare,
With Wilcox, who now is his trusted chauffeur (air)
Both in his chariot are sent sailing through air,
The vast throng of people in consternation exclaim,
"Just look! behold the latest model of Tedd Roose's aeroplane!"
We know not whether they landed again,
'Tis reported they dropt into the Danube or Seine.

To fully describe the finale of this race,
We shall have to find a much cooler place;
And if the progress of our country is much faster than the last
three years' rates,
We'll have a still hotter time in these United States.

Conductor McCormick takes "Reube," the swift, trusty Mule,
Blankets and gently walks him till he gets good and cool,
They are both better off having made and won the hard fight,
Now the whole world can judge who was most nearly right.

We hope and pray, since the Democrats have gained the day,
That the G. O. P.'s "Jumbo" ill keep out of Donkey "Reube's"
way,

And let our President get down to business for the nation,
For we believe that through God he's our only salvation.

Upon reviewing this most critical status of things,
It changes the countenance from that which wit and humor
bring,

Methinks woesbegone would be our nation

If we had to trust "pacified" (pass a fist) Teddy and Hughes for
salvation;

For we can only judge the G. O. P.'s purposes and views,
As set forth in the fiery speeches of Messrs. Roosevelt and Hughes.

Nov. 10/16. Observations and Comments

"In the economy of God, no effort, however small,
Put forth for the right cause, fails of its effect," at all.

"Better be small and shine"

Like Reube, the Democratic Mule,

"Than to be great and cast a shadow,"

Like the Elephant "Jumbo," whom the G. O. P. seemingly used as a
tool.

Mr. Ex-Judge Hughes retired to sleep on the night of Nov. 7th,
Confident, it was evident, that by the United States he was elected
their President.

Not so with President Wilson who at the self-same hour was
thought by the Republicans to have fallen on sleep to be buried deep
on Nov. 8, in the New York State, by Tammany, Wall Street, Penn-
sylvania, and Illinois, the Great, only, it is evident, to be resurrected
in California on Nov. 9, as our re-elected President, how grandly
fine.

Many thanks and rejoicings from millions of voices did rise
to their God, who is the great and wise ruler of all earth and skies.

If Republicans or Democrats rely on Tammany Hall,

Nine times out of ten you'll observe their fall;

It never votes to save the nation,

But votes to save the one billion ration.

It is shocking to relate that the Empire State, New York,

Is always ready to yield to Tammany's foul work,

In this election they so plainly did tell,

They'd gladly plunge this nation into General Sherman's—(war).

Just to think! that also Christian women, who profess loving their
Savior so well,

Are so ready to vote with a people who would thoughtlessly send
their own offspring to—(war).

How much greater the shame alas!

After deeming themselves the most cultured class,

That the lives of their own flesh and blood they seem willing to sell

By giving them up as targets for ruthless shot and shell.

Just to think of women and men living under the protection of these United States, by their votes expressing their envy, jealousy and hate, so evident, because of the foreign policy of their President, whom they tried to punish by depriving him of the highest office of State.

His prime aim and desire, through his great soul's magnanimity,
Was to enforce the laws of neutrality as well as those of humanity,
And by it he manifested the greatest love, care and protection
Of all peoples under this government, from whatever section,
He aimed to safeguard his own people, all Americans first,
Although some thought him insincere and unjust.

We rejoice to see by this election it was evident, that home-born Americans were able to elect their own President, against the combined votes of the covetous for office, who mainly were home-born Americans, hyphenated foreigners, with big money, and almost every other device.

If the foreigners by combining their voting strength, boast what they
can do in ruling this nation,
Just let them keep on with their base machination,
And at length they'll call down on their own heads God's just
condemnation.

We know that among the foreigners are some noble women and men,
Nor do we object to their claim of having so much power and
national fame,
But to rule our nation, they should take this to their shame,
That they aimed at our President's rejection in this last election,
And let us give thanks to our God that they tried it in vain.

One thing we do know, they'll never again in their own wise
conceits and views,
Try to down a President like Woodrow Wilson,
And to place in his stead an "undiluted, 100 per cent. candidate,"
like Charles E. Hughes.

We have a Democratic Republican form of government, it's best we
regard,
Not built to rely on guns and brave fighting men;
But if possible to follow the teaching of God's own word
By believing that "All they that take the sword shall perish by the
sword,"

And when it is possible to rule the lives and hearts of men,
Instead of the sword we just use the pen.

Now the election is over, so let all rejoice,
That God through His people ruled and blessed the Democrats with
the man of their choice.

After four days of doubt as to returns from the election
The National Republican Committee met for serious reflection,
They concluded to send out to the nation their final word,
That they had submitted to the voice of the people, which they accept
as their unchosen master and lord.

So they thought best not to contest
Which was very wise, it is evident,
For they might have found still more votes for the President.
Out of 48 States, Wilson got only 30, this is no jest,
Mr. Chas. Evans Hughes just got all the rest.

NOV. 10 1916

Let our thanks go up to God from the heart and voice of our whole
nation,
For ruling the thoughts of so many good women and men,
That they were guided in the re-election of Woodrow Wilson for
President again,
One who loves all, thinks and toils for their good and highest
preservation.

Let us hope and pray that he and all his associates may enjoy
good health and have wisdom and light from the God of all might,
and guide successfully our Nation through another four years of
even wiser administration.

Good-bye, Old Tammany Hall!
Farewell, Wall Street, all!
When you again figure in an election in these United States,
We venture you'll review your sad experience in the last, and
that you'll even meet with much sadder fates.

NOV. 20, 1916

We've said that William Jennings Bryan sailed and sailed till he
sailed out of sight,
We now announce with delight his return to engage in a national
prohibition fight,

He is still a Democrat and professes his party to love,
And to secure a "Dry Democracy" he's willing, valiantly to work
and thus his allegiance prove;
There's no other Christian in this whole American land,
Who could come nearer putting through a work so noble and
grand.

A warning, all ye political aspirants take,
Do not, as a certain "unwise Judge," grab at what proved to him
only a fake;
For he had a fine job to which he could have clung up to his very
last breath,
But he swapt it for an awful, unprecedented political death.
The man that enters the race to beat a President-Woodrow-Wilson
record,
Should, unlike Mr. Hughes, know that the views of the majority
of voters with his own must accord.

Ryan Predicts Wilson Victory

Expressed Prediction About Oct. 15 He Said Wilson Would Win
Without Carrying New York.

From his home at Oakridge Mr. Ryan today gave out the following statement: This is a great day for the Solid South. The Republican party, inspired by the vindictive spirit of Thad Stevens and Zac Chanler crucified and humiliated us with carpet-bag rule and attempted to destroy us politically with the force bill. In this election they invaded the sanctity of the Supreme Court for a candidate and fifty years after Appomattox sought to revive sectional hatred. The Solid South, with a son of old Virginia, has changed all this, and now in a sympathetic and natural alliance with the great West notifies New York and the East that the Solid South can no longer be used by Democratic politicians of that section to nominate Presidential candidates of their own choice without regard to the interests of the rest of the country."

GREATEST VOTE EVER CAST

The President and Mr. Hughes, the defeated candidate for the Presidency, polled in the aggregate 16,704,114 votes, the largest number ever recorded in the history of the country. Of these, President Wilson got 8,563,713 and Mr. Hughes 8,160,401.

The President, therefore, obtained not only a majority of at least thirteen votes in the electoral college, but received a majority of over 400,000 of the popular vote of the country.

The President polled 2,270,694 more votes Tuesday than he did four years ago. Mr. Hughes obtained 555,938 more votes than Mr. Taft and Colonel Roosevelt combined in the three-cornered contest that year—1912.

The President and Secretary Lansing are preparing to review the entire field of foreign relations. And they will not be hampered this time by the O'Leary-Viereck-Roosevelt-Old-Guard combination. For the next four years, at least, America will be wholly American.

"Half the people," says a New York alienist, "are crazy." That depends on how they voted. More than half are very sane, because Woodrow Wilson was re-elected President Nov. 7, 1916.

FREAK ELECTION BETS

Cleveland, Nov. 13.—Beards are going to be prevalent at Western Reserve University. Sixteen fraternity men swore they would grow flowing beards, such as is worn by their candidate if he lost.

Philadelphia, Nov. 3.—John Hemingway, a bookkeeper, hopped around Broad street in front of the Union League Club attached to a leash and dressed in the garb of a Tony's monkey, while his Wilsonian "friend" ground out tunes on a hand organ. John collected pennies in a tin cup, and doffed his little red cap.

A Republican division leader of the Forty-sixth ward beat rugs for the wives of twelve Democrats.

HUGHES SENDS CONGRATULATIONS

Lakewood, N. J., November 22.—Charles Evans Hughes tonight at 8:30 telegraphed his congratulations to President Woodrow Wilson on his re-election.

The message read:

"Because of the closeness of the vote, I have awaited the official count in California and, now that it has been virtually completed, permit me to extend to you my congratulations on your re-election. I desire also to express my best wishes for a most successful administration."

AMERICANISM

In the recent Presidential campaign much was said of Americanism. The real test of our Americanism is now before us.

Americanism is nothing more or less than genuine patriotism.

Patriotism lies deeper than the boastful utterances of America's strength or the honor that is due the Stars and Stripes, in which some of us indulge at times. Real patriotism is patriotism of the heart. The man who has the interests of his country at heart, that man is a real patriot; the man who throws off party ties and enlists in supporting that which is best for the good of his country, that man is a real patriot.

The American people have chosen to continue under the leadership of Woodrow Wilson. It is the sacred privilege and duty of every American citizen to respect honor and support the man to whom we intrust the leadership of our country, regardless of party affiliations or of personal ideas. So let us meet the test of our Ameri-

canism as we should, by giving Woodrow Wilson, our President, the respect due his position, the honor he is worthy of and the support that has made America what she is, and through which she can achieve that which she hopes to be.

MILLARD B. SIMMONS.

Philadelphia, Nov. 21, 1916.

PROVING THEIR INSINCERITY

Since the election the organs of hyphenism are speaking of Mr. Wilson in terms of praise which contrast sharply with the opprobrium they heaped on him during the campaign. The abruptness and completeness of the change of tone prove how utterly insincere was the denunciation which preceded it. But we recall that Mr. Wilson in the very outset of the contest proclaimed that he neither sought the favor nor feared the enmity of those who would shape American policies in the interest of foreign nations; and he will attach no more than just value to praise from the sources whose blame he counted as naught.—*Norfolk Virginian Pilot*.

"Hughes, of Australia, has gone to the "in-bads." Hughes, of Canada, has joined the "has-beens"; and Hughes, of—Anyhow, hasn't it been a sort of an off year for the Hughes?

The unkindest thing said recently, asserts an exchange, is that New Jersey is going largely into the goat business. And this so soon after getting Wilson's, too.

If Mr. Wilson reads at all the works of Col. Roosevelt, we venture the opinion that his favorite is "The Winning of the West." We also venture to suggest that the Colonel now favors us with a companion volume, "The Losing of the West."

Commendations

J. H. MAY
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND MAYOR
Staunton, Va.

Dec. 11th, 1916.

Prof. C. L. Wilson,
Staunton, Va.

My Dear Sir:

I have read with a great deal of pleasure your pamphlet, entitled *POLITICAL MUSINGS*. Your treatment of the subject is very interesting, and I think the pamphlet should appeal to all true lovers of Democracy.

Very truly yours,

J. H. MAY.

POLITICAL MUSINGS, by Professor C. L. Wilson, is filled with amusing political hits and is written in the Professor's inimitable style, which is familiar to a great many of our citizens. It has afforded much pleasure to a number of my friends.

PROF. C. T. JORDAN.
(State Senator.)

ROBERTSON & ROBERTSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Staunton, Va.

Dec. 11, 1916.

During the recent Presidential campaign Prof. C. L. Wilson expressed his views of the issues involved in the election, as a Democrat, in verse, which he published under the name of *POLITICAL MUSINGS*. This pamphlet was received with so much favor that the Professor has decided to issue a second edition. I am sure that a perusal of the pamphlet will both entertain the reader and satisfy him that Prof. Wilson was very familiar with the issues of the campaign, and has expressed himself with a good deal of wit and fun—giving the G. O. P. some pretty severe blows, but all in the best nature.

ALEX F. ROBERTSON.

RICHARD S. KER
JUDGE OF CORPORATION COURT
Staunton, Va.

Dec. 11, 1916.

My Dear Prof. Wilson:

I have read your POLITICAL MUSINGS with a great deal of interest and pleasure. Their style is striking and attractive, and they contain bits of political philosophy expressed in a very interesting and novel manner.

Very truly yours,

RICHARD S. KER.

Compliments
of
C. L. Wilson,
Dec. 25, 1916.

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